

A
GODLY DREAM,

BY ELIZABETH MELVILL,

Lady Culros, younger.

At the Request of a special Friend,

MATTH. 7. 13. and LUKE 13. 24.

Enter in at the strait gate: For wyde is the gate, and
broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction: and
manie there bee which go in there-at.



ABERDENE,

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Ladie Culros Dream.

UPon a day, as I did mourn full sore;
For sundrie things, wherewith my Soull was
grieved;

My grieff increased, and grew more and more.
I Comfort fled, and could not bee relieved.
With Heaviness myne heart was sore mischieved.
I loath'd my lyfe, I could not eat nor drink.
I might not speak, nor look to none that lived:
But mus'd alone, and divers things did think.

This wretched World did so molest my Mynd,
I thought vpon this fals and yron Age:
And how our Hearts were so to Vyce inclynd;
That Satan seem'd most fearfullie to rage.
Nothing on earth my sorrow could asswadge.
I felt my sinne most stronglie to increas.
I griev'd the Sprite had wont to bee my Pledge.
My Soull was plunged in most deep distress.

All Merriness did aggravate my payn:
All earthlie joyes did still increas my wo:
In companie I could no way remayn;
But fled resort, and still alone did go.
My sillie soull was tossed to and fro,
With sundrie thoughts, which troubled mee full sore
I preast'd to pray: but Sighs ore-set mee so:
I could do nought, but groan, and say no more.

I could

The trickling Tears abundantlie ran down:
Myne Heart was eas'd, when I had mournd my sin.
Then I began my LAMENTATION:
And sayd, O LORD! How long is it Thy Will,
That thy poore Sayncts shall bee afflicted still?
Alace! How long shall subtile Satan rage?
Make haste, O LORD, Thy Promise to fulfill:
Make haste to end our paynfull Pilgrimage.

Thy fillie Sayncts are tossed to and fro.
Awake, O LORD; why sleepest Thou so long?
Wee haue no Strength agaynst our cruell fo.
In Sighs and Sobbes now changed is our Song.
The world prevails; our Enemies are strong.
The Wicked rage; but wee are poor, and weak.
O, shew Thy self, with speed revenge our wrong:
Make short these dayes, even for Thy Chosen sake.

LORD IESVS, come, and saue Thyne own Elect.
For Satan seeks our simple Souls to slay.
The wicked World doth itronglie vs infect.
Most monstrous sinnes increas still day by day.
Our loue growes cold; our zeale is worn away.
Our fayth is fayl'd, and wee are lyke to fall.
The Lyon roars, to catch vs as a prey.
Make haste, O LORD, before wee perish all.

These are the dayes, which thou so long fore-told,
Should come before this wretched world should end.
Now Vyce abounds, and Charitie growes cold:
And even Thyne Own most stronglie do offend.
The Devill prevayls, his Forces hee doth bend.

If it could bee, to wrack Thy Children dear.
 But wee are Thyne; therefore some succour send:
 Receaue our soules: wee wearie wandring heere.

What can wee do? Wee clogged are with sinne:
 In filthie Vyce our senseless Soules are drown'd.
 Though wee resolute, wee never can begin
 T'amend our lyues, but sinne doth still abound.
 When wilt thou come? when shal thy trumpet sound?
 When shall wee see that Great and Glorious Day?
 O, saue vs, LORD, out of that Pitte profound;
 And rid vs from this loathsom lump of Clay.

Thou knowst our hearts, thou seest our whole desyre:
 Our secret thoughts, they are not hid from Thee.
 Thogh wee offend, Thou knowst wee strangely tyre:
 To bear this weyght, our sprite would fayne bee free.
 Alace, O LORD, what Pleasure can it bee
 To liue in sinne, that sore doth press vs down?
 Oh, giue vs wings, that wee aloft may flee,
 And end the Fight, that wee may wear the Crown.

BEfore the LORD, when I had thus complaynd,
 My mynd grew calm, my heart was then at rest.
 Though I was faynt, from Food yet I refraynd,
 And went to Bed, because I thought it best.
 With Heaviness my sprite was sore oppress.
 I fell on sleep. And so agayn mee thought
 I made my moan: And so my grieff increast,
 And from the LORD with tears I succour sought.
 LORD IESVS, come, sayd I, and end my grieff
 My sprite is vext; the Captiue would bee free.

All Vyce abounds: now send mee some relieff:
 I loathe to liue: I wish dissolv'd to bee.
 My Soull doth long, and thirsteth after Thee,
 As thirtie ground requyres a shour of Rayn.
 Myne Heart is dry, as fruitless barren Tree,
 I feell my selff: How can I heere remayn?

With Sighs and Sobbs as I did so lament,
 Into my Dream, I thought there did appear
 A Sight most Sweet, which did mee well content;
 An Angell bright, with visage shyning clear:
 With loving looks, and with a smyling chear;
 Hee asked mee, Why art thou thus so sad?
 Why groanst thou so? What dost thou dwyning here,
 With carefull cryes, into thy bailfull bed?

I hear thy Sighs, I see thy trickling Tears:
 Thou seem'st to bee in some perplexitie:
 What mean thy moans? what is the thing thou fears?
 Whom wouldst thou haue? in what place woldst thou
 Faynt not so fast in thy Adversitie: (bee?)
 Mourn not so sore: sith mourning may not mend.
 Lift vp thyne Heart: declare thy grieff to mee:
 Perchance thy Payn, brings Pleasure in the end.

I sigh'd agayn, and sayd, Alace, for wo!
 My grieff is great; I can it not declare:
 Vpon this earth I wander to and fro;
 A Pilgrime poor; consum'd with sighing sore.
 My sinnes, alace, increas still more and more.
 I loathe my lyf: I wearie wandring heere:
 I long for Heaven; myne Heritage is there:
 I long to liue with my Redeemer dear.

Is this the Cause, sayd hee? Ryse vp anon,
 And follow mee, and I shall bee thy Guyde:
 And from thy Sighs, leaue off thyne heauie moan:
 Refrayn from Tears, and cast thy Care asyde:
 Trust in My Strength, and in My Word confyde;
 And thou shalt haue thyne heauie Hearts-desyre.
 Ryse vp with speed; I may not long abyde:
 Great diligence this matter doth requyre.

My Soull rejoyst, to hear his words so sweet.
 I looked vp, and saw his Face most fayr.
 His Countenance reviv'd my wearie sprite.
 Incontinent I cast away my care.
 With humble heart I prayd him to declare
 What was his name? Hee answerd mee agayn,
 I am thy GOD, for whom thou sigh'st so saire.
 I am now come; thy Tears are not in vayn.

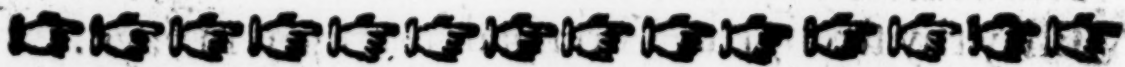
I am the Way; I am the Trueth, and Lyff.
 I am thy Spouse, that bring thee store of Grace.
 I am thy LORD, that soon will end thy Stryff.
 I am thy Loue; whom thou would'st fayn imbrace.
 I am thy joy: I am thy Rest, and Peace.
 Ryse vp in haste, and follow after mee.
 I shall thee leade, into thy Dwelling-Place;
 The Land of Rest, thou long'st so sore to see.

VVith joyfull Heart I thanked Him agayn.
 Readie am I, sayd I, and well content,
 To follow Thee: for heere I liue in payn:
 A Wretch vnworth: my dayes are vayne spent.
 Not one is just: but all are fearcelie bent

To run to Vyce: I haue no power to stand.
 My sinnes increas; which makes mee sore lament.
 Make haste, O LORD; I long to see that Land.

Thyne haste is great, Hee answered mee agayn.
 Thou think'st thee There; thou art transported so.
 That Pleasant Place, must purchast bee with payn.
 The Way is strait; and thou hast far to go.
 Art thou content, to wander to and fro?
 Throgh great Desarts? Throgh water, & throgh fyre?
 Throgh Thorns, & Briers? And manie dangers mo?
 VVhat sayst thou now? Thy feeble flesh will tyre.

Alace, sayd I, although my flesh bee weak,
 My sprite is strong, and willing for to flie.
 Oh! Leauē mee not: But for Thy Mercie sake,
 Perform Thy Word: or els for doole I die.
 I fear no Payn; since I should walk with Thee.
 The Way is long: Yet bring mee through at last.
 Thou answer'st well. I am content, sayd hee,
 To bee thy Guyde. But see thou grype Mee fast.



THEN vp I rose, and made no more delay.
 My feeble Arms about His Neck I cast.
 HEE went before: and still did guyde the Way.
 Though I was weak, my sprite did follow fast;
 Throgh Moss & Myre: throgh Ditches deep we past:
 Throgh pricking thorns: throgh water, & throgh fire:
 Throgh dreadfull Dennes, that made my heart agast,
 HEE bare mee vp, when I began to tyre.

Sometyme

Sometyme wee clamb on Craigie Mountayns hie.
 And somtymes slaid on vglie Brayes of sand.
 They were so stay, that wonder was to see.
 But when I feard, hee held mee by the Hand.
 Through Thick and Thin : Through Sea ; and eke
 through Land.
 Through great Defarts, wee wandred on our Way.
 VWhen I was weak, and had no strength to stand:
 Yet with a Look Hee did refresh mee aye.

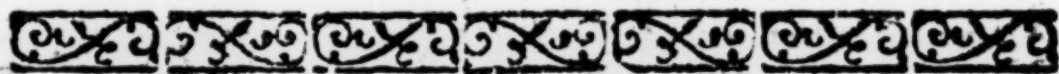
Through Waters great wee were compeld to wade,
 VWhich were so deep, that I was lyke to drown.
 Sometime I sank: But yet my Gracious Guyde
 Did draw mee vp, half dead; and in a swown.
 In Woods most wyld; and far from anie town.
 Wee thrust through, the Breirs together stack.
 I was so weak, their strength did bear mee down:
 That I was forc'd with fear, to flee aback.

Cowrage, sayd Hee, thou art mid-way, and maire.
 Thou must not tyre; nor turn aback agayn.
 Hold fast thy grip: On Mee cast all thy Care.
 Essay thy strength: Thou shalt not fight in vayne.
 I told thee first, that thou shouldst suffer Payn.
 The nearer Heaven, the harder is the Way.
 Lift vp thyne Heart; and let thyne Hope remayn:
 Since I am Guyde : Thou shalt not go astray.

Forwards wee past, on narrow Bridge of Tree;
 Over Waters great, which hiddeouslie did roar.
 There lay below, that fearfull was to see,
 Most vglie Beasts: yvhich gaped to devour.

Myne head grew light; and troubled verie sore.
 Myne heart did fear: My Feet began to flyde.
 But when I cryde, Hee heard mee ever-more;
 And helpt mee vp. O blessed bee my Guyde!

VVearie I was, and thought to sit at rest.
 But Hee sayd; Nay, thou mayst not sit, nor stand.
 Hold on thy Cours: and thou shalt fynd it best;
 If thou desyrst to see That Pleasant Land.
 Though I was weak, I rose at His Command,
 And held Him fast. At length, Hee let mee see
 That Pleasant Place; that seemd to bee at hand.
 Take courage now: For thou art near, sayd Hee.



I Looked vp into that Castle fayr;
 Glistring lyke Gold; and shyning Silver bright.
 The statelie Towr did mount aboue the ayre.
 They blinded mee, they cast so great a light.
 Myne heart was glad to see that joyfull sight.
 My voyage then I thought was not in vayn.
 I Him belought to guyde mee there aright:
 VVith manie Vowes, Never to tyre agayn.

Though thou bee near, the Way is verie hard.
 Sayd Hee agayn; Therefore, thou must bee stout.
 Faynt not for fear. For Cowards are dcbar'd,
 That haue no hearr to go their Voyage out.
 Pluck vp thyne heart; and grype Mee fast about.
 Out through the Traunce, together must wee go.
 The Way is low. Remember for to lout.
 If this were past, wee haue not manie mo.

I held

I held Him fast, as Hee did giue Command:
 And through the Traunce, together then wee went.
 VWhere in the midst great Pricks of Yron did
 stand:

VWhere-with my feet were all betorn, and rent.
 Take cowrage now, sayd Hee, and bee content
 To suffer this. The Pleasure comes at last,
 I answered not, but ran incontinent
 Out through the fyre. And so the payn was past.

VWhen this was done, myne heart did daunce
 for joy.

I was so near, I thought my Voyage ended.
 I ran before, and sought not His Convoy;
 Nor askt the Way: because I thought I kend it.
 On statelie Steps, most stoutlie I ascended.
 Without His help, I thought to enter There.
 Hee followed fast: and was right fore offended:
 And hastilie did draw mee down the Staire.

What haste, sayd Hee? Why runst thou so before?
 Without myne help, think'st thou to climb so hie?
 Come down agayn: thou yet must suffer more.
 If thou desyre that Dwelling-Place to see.
 This statelie Staire, it was not made for thee.
 Holdst thou that cours, thou shalt bee thrust aback.
 Alace, sayd I! Long wandring wearies mee;
 VWhich makes mee run, the nearest Way to take.

Then Hee began to comfort mee agayn:
 And sayd; My Friend, thou must not enter Heere.
 Lift vp thyne heart: thou yet must suffer payn.
 Tho

The last Assault, of force, must needs bee faire.
 This Goodlie Way, although it seem so faire,
 It is too high: thou canst not climb so stay.
 But look below, beneath this statelie Staire:
 And thou shalt see another kynd of Way.



I looked down, and saw a Pit most black;
 Most foull of Smoak: and flaming Fyre so fell.
 That vglie sight, made mee to start aback.
 I feard to hear so manie shouts and yell.
 I Him besought, That Hee the Trueth would tell.
 Is this, sayd I, the Papists Purging-Place?
 Where they affirm, that sillie Soules do dwell,
 To purge their sinnes, before they rest in Peace?

The brayn of man (most surelie) did invent
 That Purging-Place. Hee answered mee agayn:
 For Greediness together they consent;
 To say, Their Soules in Torments must remayn,
 Till Gold and Gear relieue them of their Payn.
 O spytefull sprites! which did the same begin.
 O blynded beasts! Your thoughts are all in vayn.
 My Blood alone did cleans the soull from sinne.

(go.

This Pit is Hell, where-through thou now must
 There is the Way that leads thee to thy Land.
 Now, play the Man. Thou needst not tremble so:
 For I shall help, and hold thee by the hand.
 Alace, sayd I! I haue no force to stand:
 For fear I faynt, to see that vglie sight.
 How can I come amongst that bailfull Band?
 Oh, help mee now! I haue no force, nor might.

Of

Ofte haue I heard, that they which enter heere,
In this great Gulff, comes never foorth agayn.
Cowrage, sayd Hee: Haue I not bought thee dear?
My Precious Blood, it was not shed in vayne.
I saw this Place, My Soull did taste this Payn,
Ere ever I went into My FATHERS Glore.
Through must thou go: but thou shalt not remayn.
Thou needst not fear: for I shall go before.

I am content to do Thy whole Command,
Sayd I agayn; and did Him fast imbrace.
Then lovinglie Hee held mee by the hand :
And in wee went into that fearfull Place.
Hold fast thy grip, sayd Hee, in anie case.
Let mee not slip, what ever thou shalt see.
Dread not the Death: but stouclie forward preass.
For Death nor Hell shall never vanquish thee.

HIS Words so sweet, did cheare my heavie heart,
Incontinent I cast my care asyde.
Cōwrage, sayd Hee; play not a Cowards part.
Though thou bee weak ; yet in MY Strength
 confyde.
I thought mee blest, to haue so good a Guyde.
Though I was weak, I knew that Hee was strong.
Under His Wings, I thought mee for to hyde,
If anie there should preas to do mee wrong.

Into that Pit, when I did enter in,
I saw a sight, vvhich made myne heart agast.
Poor damned soulls, tormented sore for sinne,
In flaming fyre, vvere frying verie fast,

And

And vglie sprites. And as I had them past.
 Myne heart grew faynt; and I began to tyre.
 Ere I was ware, one griped mee at last,
 And held mee high aboue a flaming fyre.

(fore.

The fyre was great; the heat did pierce mee
 My Fayth grew weak: my grip was verie small.
 I trembled fast: my fear grew more and more.
 Myne hands did shake, that I Him held withall.
 At length, they loosed: Then I began to fall;
 And cryde alowd; and caught Him fast agayn.
 LORD IESUS, come; and red mee out of thrall.
 Cowrage, sayd hee: now thou art past the payn.

VVith this, great fear I started, and awoke:
 Crying alowd; LORD IESUS! Come agayn.
 But after that, no kynd of rest I tock.
 I preass'd to sleep: but it was all in vayn.
 I would haue dream'd, of Pleasure, after payn:
 Because I know I shall it fynd at last.
 GOD grant my Guyde, may still with mee re-
 (mayn.

It is to come, that I believ'd was past.

This is my Dream. And yet I thought it best,
 To wryte the same; and keep it still in mynd:
 Because I knew there was no earthlie rest,
 Prepar'd for vs, that haue our hearts inclynd,
 To seek the LORD: VVee must bee purg'd
 and fyn'd.

Our Dross is great: the fyre must try vs fore.
 And yet our GOD is mercifull and kynd.
 HEE shall remayn, and help vs ever-more.

Tho

The Way to Heaven, I see is verie hard,
 My dream declares that wee haue far to go.
 VVee must bee stout: for Cowards are debar'd.
 Our flesh of force must suffer Payn and Wo.
 These drierie Wayes, and manie dangers mo,
 Awayt for vs: vvee can not liue in rest.
 But let vs learn; since wee are warned so,
 To cleaue to CHRIST: for Hee can help vs best.

O fillie Souls! vvith Payn so sore opprest,
 That loue the LORD, and long for heaven so hie.
 Change not your mynds: For yee haue chose the
 best.

Prepare your selues: For troubled must yee bee.
 Faynt not for fear, in your Adversitie.
 It is the Way that leads you vnto Lyff.
 Suffer a-whyle; and you shall shortlie see
 The Land of Rest, vwhen ended is your Stryff.

In Wilderness yee must bee tryde a-whyle.
 Yet forwards preass; and never flee aback.
 Lyke Pilgrims poor, and Strangers in exyle;
 Through Fayr and Foull, your journey you must
 take.

The Devill, the World, and all that they can make
 Will send their Force, to stop you in the Way:
 Your Flesh will faynt; and sometymes will grow
 slack.

Yet come to CHRIST; and Hee shall help you ay

The Thornie Cares of this deecatfull lyff,
 Wil rent your hearts, and make your souls to bleed.
 Your

Your Fleſh and Sprite will bee at deadlie ſtryff.
 Your cruell Fo will hold you ſtill in dread;
 And throw you down. Yet ryſe yee ſhall with
 ſpeed.

And though you fall; yet ly not loytring ſtill:
 But call on CHRIST, to help you in your need:
 VVho will not fayll His Promiſe, to fullfill.

In Floods of Wo, when you are lyke to drown;
 Yet climb to CHRIST; and gripe Him verie faſt.
 And though yee ſink, and in the Deep fall down;
 Yet cry alowd; and Hee will hear at laſt.
 Dread not for Death; nor bee no whit agaſt.
 Though all the earth agaynſt you ſhould conſpyre,
 CHRIST is your Guyde. And when your Payn
 is paſt,
 You ſhall haue joy, aboue your hearts deſyre.

Though heere on earth yee ſhould exalted bee;
 Yet Fear remayns, to humble you withall.
 For if you climb on tops of Mountanyne hie,
 The higher vp, the greater is your Fall.
 Your Honey ſweet, ſhall mixid bee with Gall.
 Your ſhort Delight, ſhall end with Payn & Grieff.
 Yet, truſt in GOD; for His Aſſiſtance call:
 And Hee ſhall help; and ſend you ſoon Relieff.

Though Waters great do compaſſe you about:
 Though Tyrants threat; though Lyons rage and
 roar,
 Deſy them all; and fear not to win out.
 Your Guyde is near, to help you ever-more.

Though

Though Pricks of yron do vex you verie sore:
 As noysom Lusts, which seek your Soules to slay.
 Yet cry on CHRIST; and Hee shall go before.
 The nearer Heaven, the harder is the Way.

(tyre:
 Run out your Race. Yee must not faynt, nor
 Nor sit, nor stand: nor yet turn back agayn.
 If you intend to haue your hearts desyre,
 Preass forwards still; although it were with payn.
 No Rest for you, so long as yee remayn,
 As Pilgrims poor, into this loathsom lyff.
 Fight out your Fight: it shall not bee in vayn.
 Your ritche Reward, is worth a greater Stryff.

If after Tears, yee liue a-while in joy;
 And get a taste of that Eternall Glore:
 Bee not secure, nor slip not your Convoy.
 For if yee do, you will repent it sore.
 Hee knowes the Way; and Hee shall go before.
 Climb yee alone, yee shall not miss a Fall.
 Your filthie flesh, it must bee troubled more;
 If yee forget vpon your GOD to call.

IF CHRIST bee gone, although yee seem
 to flee,
 VVith Golden Wings, aboue the Firmament;
 Come down agayn, yee shall not better bee.
 That Pryde of yours, yee shall right sore repent.
 Then hold Him fast: with humble heart ay bent,
 To follow Him, although through Hel and Death.
 HEE went before: His Soull was torn, and rent:
 For your deserts, Hee felt His Fathers Wrath.

Though

Though in the end, yee suffer Torments fell,
 Cleave fast to Him that felt the same before.
 The Way to Heaven, must bee through Death
 and Hell.

The last will trouble you full sore.
 The Lyon most cruellie will roare.
 His tyme is short: his forces hee will bend.
 The greater Stryff, the greater is your Glore.
 Your Payn is short: your joy shall never end.

(fayll;

Rejoyce in GOD: Let not your Cowrage
 Yee Chosen Sayncts; that are afflicted heere.
 Though Satan rage; hee never shall prevayll.
 Fight to the end; and stoutlie persevere.
 Your GOD is true: Your Blood is so Him dear.
 Fear not the Way: since CHRIST is your Con-
 voy.

VWhen Clouds are past, the Weather will grow
 clear.

Yee sow in Tears: But yee shall reap in joy.

For Death & Hell haue lost their cruell Sting.
 Your Captayn CHRIST hath made them all
 to yeeld.

Lift vp your hearts; and Prayses to Him sing.
 Triumph for joy: Your Enemies are kild.
 THE LORD OF HOSTS, that is your Strength
 and Shield,

The Serpents head hath stoutlie troden down.
 Trust in His Strength: Pass forward in the Field.
 Ore-come in Fight, and yee shall weare the
 Crown.

B

The

The King of kings, if Hee bee on our syde,
 Wee need not fear: Who dare agaynst vs stand?
 Into the Field may wee not boldlie byde,
 When Hee shal help vs, with His Mightie Hand,
 Who sits aboue, and rules both Sea and Land,
 Who with His Breath doth make the Hills to
 shake?

The Hosts of Heaven are arm'd at His Com-
 mand,
 To fight the Field, when we appear most weak.

Pluck vp your hearts: Yee are not left alone.
 The Lamb of GOD shal leade you in the Way.
THE LORD OF HOSTS, that Reygns on
 Royall Throne,
 Agaynst your Foes, His Banner will display.
 The Angels Bright, shal stand in good Array,
 To hold you vp, yee need not fear to fall.
 Your Enemies shal flee; and bee your Prey.
 Yee shal triumph: and they shal perish all.

(Payn.

The joy of Heaven, is worth a moments
 Take courage, then; lift vp your hearts on hie:
 To judge the Earth, vhen **CHRIST** shal
 come agayn
 Aboue the Clouds, yee shal exalted bee.
 A Crown of joy, and true Felicitie,
 Aways for you, when finisht is your Fight.
 Suffer a-while: And yee shal shortlie see
 A Glorie Great and infinite of weyght.

Prepare

Prepare your selues: Bee valiant men of Warre:
And thrust with Force, out through the narrow
Way.

Hold on your Cours; and shrink not back for
fear.

CHRIST is your Guyde: Yee shall not go
astray.

The tyme is near: Bee sober; watch, and pray.

HEE seeth your Tears; and Hee hath layd in
store

A Ritch Reward; which in that joyfull Day
Yee shall receaue, and reyn for ever-more.

Now, to the King that create all of nought;
The LORD of Lords, that rules both Land
and Sea:

That saues our Soules, and with His Blood vs
bought;

And vanquisht Death, triumphing on a Tree:

Unto the Great and Glorious TRINITIE,
That saues the Poor, and doth His own defend;

Bee Laude, Glorie, Honour, and Majestie;

Power, and Prayse: A M E N; World without
End.

F I N I S.

A PERSWASIUE EXHORTATION,
To forsake the Worlde, and cleaue onlie
UNTO THE LORD.

To the tune of, Shall I let her go?

A Way, vayn world; bewitcher of myne heart:
My Sorrowes show, my Sinnes make mee
to smart.

Yet will I not despare; But to my GOD repare.
 HEE hath Mercie ay, There-fore will I pray.

HEE hath Mercie ay, And loues mee:

Though by His humbling Hand Hee proues
 (mee

Away, away; too long thou hast mee snar'd.

I will not lose more tyme; I am prepar'd.

Thy subtile Sights so flie, They haue deceaved
 (mee

Though they sweetlie smyle, Smoothlie they
 (begulye.

Though they sweetlie smyle, Suspect them.

The simple sort they fyle: Reject them.

(leave

Once more AWAY, shoves loath the World to

Bids oft AWAY, with Her that holds mee slaue.

Loath am I to forgo, That sweet alluring Fo.

Since thy Wayes are vayn, Shall I them retayn?

Since thy Wayes are vayn, I quyte thee.

Thy Pleasures shall no more delyte mee.

Ten thousand tymes AWAY: Oh! Stay no more.

Sweet CHRIST mee saue; Lest subtile Sinne

(devour.

Without Thyne Helping Hand, I haue no force

(to stand.

Lest I turn a-syde; Let Thy Grace mee guyde.

Lest I turn a-syde, draw near mee.

And when I call for Help, LORD, hear mee.

What shall I do? Are all my Pleasures past?

Shall worldlie Lusts now take their leave at last?

Yea

Yea, CHRIST, These earthlie Toyes, Shall
turn to Heavenlie joyes.

Let the World bee gone: I'll loue CHRIST
alone.

Let the World bee gone, I care not.

CHRIST is my Loue alone: I fear not.

F I N I S.

A GODLIE SONG,

TO THE TUNE OF,

Come, sweet Loue; Let Sorrow cease.

Come, Sweet LORD; my Sorrow cease.
Come IESUS CHRIST: Come com-
fort mee.

Come: Giue mee Thy Sprite of Grace,
In all Troubles, to support mee.
For I haue lived foolishlie:
Through kynd, repynd, my mynd, inclynd,
To everie Sinne, and Vanitie.

I am lewd, by Nature born:
A sinfull Wretch, for Death appoynted:
And my Fathers mee befor;
And dead in Sinne. Yet Thyne Anoynted,
Thou hast sent down, of Thy Free Grace;
For mee, to die: that Hee, might bee,
The Mediator of my Peace.

Death

Death came by the first ADAM,
 For Sinne, where-through His GOD hee grie-
 CHRIST, our second ADAM came: (ved.
 And Hee brought Lyff, and mee relieved
 From Death, and Ever-lasting Payn.
 That same, ADAM, that LAMB, that came,
 HIS Death hath given mee Lyff agayn.

GOD for ADAM did prepare,
 A Garden, for his Habitation.
 CHRIST was in a Garden fayr,
 Troubled in Mynd, for my Salvation.
 The cruell Death HIM so affears:
 In that, Cumbat, HEE grat, and swar.
 In the Garden Bloodie Tears.

ADAM in the Garden dwelt;
 And in the Garden disobeyed.
 CHRIST into the Garden felt
 The VVrath of GOD, and was betrayed.
 The Iewes, by night, with Iudas came;
 In feare, of Weare, with Speare, in Geare;
 To take that most innocent LAMB.

ADAM in the Garden fled,
 And hid him, when hee had offended.
 CHRIST into the Garden bade:
 And in the Garden apprehended.
 Before the Priest brought, and exam'd,
 Accusd, misusd, refusd, they choosd
 Barabbas, and CHRIST condemn'd.
 ADAM

ADAM sinn'd: Because that hee
 Ate of the Fruit, that was forbidden.
CHRIST, the Fruit, was of the Tree:
 Where-on **HEE** died, the Godhead hidden:
 Was crucifix'd betwixt two Thieves.
 Where-throw, **IESU**, sav'd you, that throw,
 And firmlie in **HIS BLOOD** believes.

ADAM banisht from the **LORD**,
 And forfault, for his foull Offences.
 Our **ADAM** hath vs restor'd,
 For our Faults, made Recompences:
 And satisfied **HIS** Fathers Wrath:
 For all, that fall, that call, and shall,
 Repent, and seek to **HIM**, by Fayth.

It was onlie **IESUS CHRIST**,
 That suffred for our Sinnes, and smarted.
 Neyther Pope, nor Papist Priest:
 The Virgin, nor the Saynts departed.
 But onlie **CHRIST**, that **HOLIE ONE**,
 Nought than, in Man, that wan, or can,
 Saue our Soules: But **CHRIST** alone.

I conclude, and end heere, than;
 It's onlie **CHRIST** our Soules hath saved.
 Fy on Merits, and Works of Man.
 Giue **CHRIST** the Prays: For Hee must haue it.
 All Prays to **GOD**, our **KING**, there-fore:
 Which **KING**, vs bring, to ring, and sing;
 With **HIM**, in **HIS** Eternall Glore.
F I N I S.

And thence in HIS BLOOD believe
Wherein I live, I live you, that know
As ordered before two things
Whereon I live, I live you, that know
Christ I live, I live you, that know
The of Christ, that was and is
And thence in HIS BLOOD believe

And thence in HIS BLOOD believe
And thence in HIS BLOOD believe
Our ADAM hath vs restored
I of our Father's love and comfort
And thence in HIS BLOOD believe
I of our Father's love and comfort
I of our Father's love and comfort
I of our Father's love and comfort

And thence in HIS BLOOD believe
And thence in HIS BLOOD believe
The Virgin, who bore Jesus Christ
The Virgin, who bore Jesus Christ
The Virgin, who bore Jesus Christ
The Virgin, who bore Jesus Christ

And thence in HIS BLOOD believe
And thence in HIS BLOOD believe
I of our Father's love and comfort
I of our Father's love and comfort
I of our Father's love and comfort
I of our Father's love and comfort

